

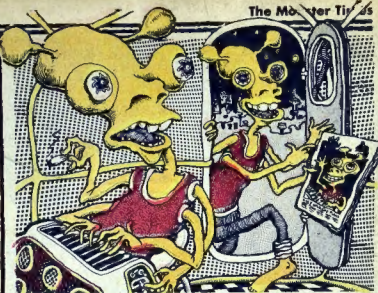
NEXT ISSUE!

Next time TMT will be taking you south of the border for a violent visit with Willis O'Brien's **BLACK SCORPION**, an unknown 50's monster movie that will be getting the full TMT filmbook treatment that it so richly deserves. Another highlight of our upcoming issue will be a fact-filled profile of Lon Chaney Sr. and his awesome art. Bill Nelson, in addition to penning the piece, provides several pages of original illustrations depicting the screen's first monster make-up genius. Writer Rob Comorosky chips in with Part One of his *Death Is A Way of Life* series, a look at some of Horror-dom's greatest—and worth—screen deaths.



For you comics fans: Doug Moench takes a nostalgic, in-depth look at one of the industry's most imaginative and entertaining superheroes—**Plastic Man**. A preview of some of **GREY MORROW**'s latest holdings will also be on display, as will a special **Hunchback of Notre Dame** comic strip. There will also be a number of surprises that are being so well guarded that we don't even know about them yet... so just stay tuned!

All in all, it sounds to us like another invaluable issue of **THE MONSTER TIMES**, the kind monsters like and you can't afford to miss. After a day in front of the tube listening to wild White House horror stories, **THE MONSTER TIMES** is just the thing to restore your faith in the world.



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OCT. VOL. 1, NO. 27

WORLD'S FIRST NEWS

ROCKY HORROR FANTASY!

60c

GIANT
COLOR
POSTER
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Times

THE WORLD'S BEST
VAMPIRE STORY P23

DECLINE & FALL OF
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ALL-SNARLING,
ALL-BITING,
ALL-VAMPIRE
ISSUE!

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CHRIS
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TELLS
ALL! P15



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BACK! P9

DREAMING
OF
DRACULA!
P12

the Monster Times

"Welcome to the Wonderful
World of Vampires.
Before you enter, however,
I must request that you leave
your stakes and
crosses at the door..."

"Two score and eleven years
ago, Nosferatu, forefather of
the undead vampires,
stealthed his way across the
screen and introduced the
world to the Wonderful
World of Vampires—a world
full of bloodsucking, biting,
retribution, terror and other
playful pastimes. In this issue
devoted to said world, you'll
find yourself face to face with
such VIPs of Vampirism as
Bela Lugosi, Christopher Lee,
William (Blacula) Marshall,
vampire scholar Leonard Roth
and countless other undead
celebrities. We've gathered
together this grave crew for
your enlightenment and edifica-
tion, and just to remind you
that the friendly vampires at MT
will always have a stake in your
heart."



**The World's
First
Newspaper
of Horror,
Sci-Fi
and
Fantasy**

PAC

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We're sure we don't have to tell you who's featured on our cover this issue, but, in keeping with TMT tradition, we will anyway. It's the great Bela Lugosi in his greatest role, that of Count Dracula in the original DRACULA.

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As much as we hate to kick off this issue on a sorrowful note, there can be no escaping the fact that the last few weeks have been sad ones for monster-lovers. Death took the legendary Lon Chaney Jr., PLANET OF THE APES producer Arthur P. Jacobs, and Kung Fu star Bruce Lee ... all over that short, unhappy period. All three will be missed, not only by MONSTER TIMES readers, but by film fans everywhere. The loss of Lon Chaney Jr. will be a particularly tough one for horror fans to adjust to.

As previously promised, this issue is devoted to our ageless friend THE VAMPIRE. On hand is a new look at the vampire, the source of the horror screen's forgotten vapors, dug up by the author of the film *Dracula* by cinema scholar Gary Slevin, who includes his kinder study such understandingly unusing the word "vampire." Then comes a look at THE KID VS. DRACULA. Dave Stidworthy contributes the sad story of the DECLINE & FALL of the vampire film, a story that is continued by typewriting and drug addiction. Due to the nature of the subject matter, there will be none of the typically tasteless trappings (such as subheads like "Blood Suckers") that are so common to clutter the pages of this publication, but only sobriety and understanding. Also on view herein is a look at the vampire in the popular press, as conducted by our ever-popular and often over-the-top critic R. Allen Leider, as well as an interview with Leonard Wolf, author of A DREAM OF VAMPIRES, a book that is a treasure trove of sources of the dread vampire legend. Susan Margoretti provides some helpful hints on THE VAMPIRE in THE BATs for you lovers of perverse petats out there.

For comic freaks we've got a profile of Esteban Maroto, a young Spanish artist who became a Marvel superstar without hardly trying. Our alert and astute reporter, Joe Neumaier (a man who needs—and will use—no introduction) tells us about the good old days when EC ruled the comics and made their own special contribution to the vampire legend. All our regular features, as well as the special "Comic Book Special," will also be on display—including a new, limited-edition, 100-page, 100-illustration, incredible Teletype page. While prices continue to rise all about you, you can still pick up THE MONSTER TIMES for the same usual outrageously low prices. And it's just the thing to clear your mind after a long day of listening to the front of the tube listening to the latest news about the presidential pollution problem. Besides, to our way of thinking, if God wanted Republicans to talk much, He would have given them something to say.

Joe

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 EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: JOE KAREL. Managing Editor: JOE BRACCALETTI. Assistant Director: LYNN
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FORGOTTEN VAMPIRES OF THE CINEMA

GARY J. SVEHLA

After spending many long, loving months in front of the tube and the scream screen, cinema scholar Gary Svehla came up with this exhaustive, fact-filled, and highly opinionated survey of the FORGOTTEN VAMPIRES OF THE CINEMA—from NOSFERATU to BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA. Himself the editor of an informative fanzine (GORE CREATURES), Gary sinks his critical fangs into some of Monstermioviedom's most overlooked vampire gems ... and he's one horror historian who's not afraid of drawing a little blood!

Preclaim the names Christopher Lee or Bela Lugosi and even the novice horror film fan will echo forth with Dracula or Vampire King. It's natural to link these two marvelous actors with that classic role of the macabre cinema. However, throughout the annals of film history there have been many marvelous portrayals of both Dracula and vampires in general which have either been overlooked by most fans or forgotten. In many cases the reason is obvious—cheap shoe string productions, bad acting, poor distribution, etc. But the fact remains that many fine productions and excellent vampires have been lost to the ages for one reason or another. And my purpose here is to unearth these minor gems and call them to mind so that the next time they turn up on your local television station or theater, you'll pay them the attention they deserve.

NOSFERATU LEADS THE WAY

NOSFERATU, A SYMPHONY OF TERROR remains a classic in any book of cinema history. This German silent classic, released in 1922, was directed by the German grand-master, F.W. Murnau. Most fans surprisingly are led to believe


Bela Lugosi, the late, great Lon Chaney Jr., Jonathan Frid, and David Peel are only a few of the performers who've made creepy contributions to the vampire legend, and all will live on in the dark corners of our minds.



that the only reason this production is worth seeing is because it is the first screen adaptation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. They believe that *NOSFERATU* is dated and a relic of the past. However, when I gained my first opportunity to view this production a few years ago at a New York YMCA (oh, the sacrifices a film fan must make!), I was shocked by the technical expertise and care which went into the creation of this production. For one thing, *NOSFERATU* was filmed on location in the Carpathians and at Castle Oravsky in Hungary. How authentic can a filmmaker be? Max Schreck portrayed Count Orlock (or Dracula) as a vampire more demon than man. His bald, egg-shaped head was moon-white as were his hands, which sported long dagger-like fingernails. Orlock always wore dark coats which made the paleness of his face and hands all the more distinct. And yes, Orlock was the screen's first vampire to sport Spock-ears, long and gradually tapering to a fine point! If Lugosi was the gentleman vampire, and if Lee is the savage vampire, then Orlock is the devil incarnate!

One of the most impressive features of *NOSFERATU* was its interesting use of special effects. Certain scenes were filmed in negative, such as one lovely scene where a coach almost glides through the Hungarian countryside. Also, in the finale of the film, Orlock is exposed to light and literally fades away. Today, these and other effects may appear crude, but for 1922 they were fantastic! Never has a vampire movie existed in a more depraved and ungodly atmosphere of total decay. And if the movie has been dated by time, it nevertheless survives as one of the real classics of the horror screen.

BELA LEAVES HIS MARK
MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, an important MGM horror film of 1935,



THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA (1971) included female fan-guerrillas in its cast. The Count Yorga films have so far failed to establish Robert Quarry as a vampire to be remembered, though.


starred Bela Lugosi as the Draculan Count Mora, and was directed by the same man who helmed the original Universal *DRACULA*, Tod Browning. Such a linking of talent usually leads to success, and *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* is no exception. Distinguished actor Lionel Barrymore gave valuable assistance to the production through his excellent portrayal of Professor Zeien. And Carol Borland made her debut appearance as what has filtered down as the archetypal vampire woman of the cinema—slender and seductive, long fingernails, hypnotic eyes, long flowing gown, and straight hair fluttering in the wind.

And if the general story-line of the movie is weak, finally copping out at the end by revealing Count Mora to be a theatrical actor merely creating a hoax of vampirism, the production values, mood, and direction are utterly fantastic. Lugosi is given no dialogue as Count Mora so he literally drifts and glides through his scenes as if he is a half-living, half-dead spirit risen from the grave! His scenes are always brief but their impression lasts for hours. Mora and Luna (Carol Borland) together, posing by monstrous cowboys, sinking through cellars and crypts, are all

classical scenes of horror. Perhaps the most effective scene occurs when Luna makes her initial screen entrance flying bat-like down from the sky. And yes, Luna was the first screen vampire to hiss and the same whimsical style of vampirism which Hammer copies in their classics of the fifties and sixties. Visually an outstanding film, *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* is a movie for the buff to see!

In 1936 Universal filmed a direct sequel to their successful thriller, *DRACULA*, entitled *DRACULA'S DAUGHTER*, which starred Gloria Holden as the dreaded vampire mistress and Edward Van Sloan as Dr. Van Helsing. In many ways *DRACULA'S DAUGHTER* treats vampirism with a sophistication lost in the earlier Universal production. No longer is the vampire a nocturnal creature from the grave lacking in human qualities and emotions. Gloria Holden presents vampirism as a disease logically akin to alcoholism. For the first time on screen, the movie audience is made to feel sympathy for the vampire who is forced to kill out of impulse and not merely for the pleasure of sinking his or her fangs into a juicy neck. Holden, who turns in a powerful and convincing performance, nobly tries to fight the dreaded curse of

directed by Paul Landres. The first production, *THE VAMPIRE*, starred John Beal as the victim of modern vampirism, motivated by pills which cause the user to revert to pre-human, bestial states of existence. The movie has often been attacked as being another of the ho-hum "monster-craze" fancies of the fifties, but it manages to rise above most of the competition. Utilizing the same gimmicks that the earlier *DRACULA'S DAUGHTER* employed, *THE VAMPIRE* establishes the vampire as a victim of a disease which totally overpowers the consciousness. John Beal becomes a vampire because he takes pills, believing them to be medicine when instead they turn him into a monster. However, John Beal does not know the horrors that overcome him and continues taking the pills, gradually becoming addicted to them and killing more innocent victims in the process. By the time Beal analyzes the significance of the horror at hand and realizes he is the dreaded fiend, he is hopelessly addicted to the pills and cannot break the habit. In one dramatic scene, Beal swears to go "cold turkey" through the evening. He is present with a friend who intends to help him through the crisis when he suddenly realizes the dreaded transformation can



Since the release of the **HORROR OF DRACULA** back in '58, Chris Lee has become synonymous with Count Dracula—a fact that pleases neither stalwart Lugosi fans nor Mr. Lee himself.

Hammer continues to lead the way in the current crop of cape & crucifix epics. Getting the stake-in-the-heart treatment in their 1972 release, *VAMPIRE CIRCUS*, is actor Anthony Coda.

her father only to finally succumb to bloodthirsty cravings. We cannot loathe the Countess. We only feel sorry for her as we feel sorry for any addict who must supply himself with his daily fix for survival.

If Universal could revive *Dracula* (at least in name only) and meet with success, Columbia thought they could revive Bela Lugosi with equal success. And this is exactly what they did for *THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE*, a 1943 thriller directed by Lew Landres. Lugosi portrayed a vampire, Armand Telsa, in the *Dracula* mold (Universal, who held the copyright for the name *Dracula*, probably would not allow Columbia to use the name), complete with black cape, staring eyes, and slow Hungarian accent. And to add to the thrills, Lugosi is given a partner in mayhem in the form of Matt Willis, who portrays his servant werewolf. An interesting plot, good production standards, and authentic gothic mood create a solid "B" production which is well worth viewing. The plot concerns a vampire who is returned to life during World War II when the stake is turning to life, the vampire plots revenge against those who sought to destroy him in the past.

United Artists created two fine vampire yarns in the middle fifties, both produced by Arthur Gardner and Jules Levy and

now take place without the inducement of the pills. Whenever the moon is full, he will now automatically turn into a vampire. And try as he may to prevent the chilling change, the inevitable occurs, and the vampire's friend is torn to shreds. These and other highly visual scenes of horror and impending doom spotlight this production, making it very entertaining.

CONTINENTAL COUNT

A year later United Artists via Levy, Gardner, and Landres brought *THE RETURN OF DRACULA* to the screen. This film, not a bad product at all, was soon buried by the tidal wave caused by Hammer's *HORROR OF DRACULA*, released a few months later, and while *RETURN OF DRACULA* is merely a pale shadow of its British competitor, it is indeed an interesting movie chock-full of thrills and suspense which bind the viewer to the screen. Francis Lederer, a war-hardened American actor, effectively portrayed "Cousin Belial," who turns out to be *Dracula* in disguise. Relying on Lugosi for inspiration, Lederer creates his own unique conception of the Continental vampire in a more than adequate performance.

RETURN OF DRACULA is highlighted by many eerie scenes which truly accomplish the ultimate goal of raising goosebumps on the back of one's neck. Near the beginning of the movie a group of vampire



It was bound to happen sooner or later... an Italian beefcake effort that would pit a studio muscleman (in this case former Tarzan Gordon Scott) against vampires. Unfortunately it happened sooner, and the result was **GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES**, let loose back in 1961.

killers gather around a crypt-side casket waiting for the daylight to stake the vampire fiend. Just as the first rays of the sun appear, and as the order for staking is given, the coffin lid is flung open only to reveal that the vampire is gone! This scene is terribly effective not merely because of fast-paced direction and genuine suspense, but because the musical score is downright scary and adds to the horror of the moment.

Another effective scene concerns the Count's conquest of a beautiful blind girl who earlier had a premonition of doom. As she climbs into bed, a dense cloud of smoke appears at her window gradually materializing into the dreaded form of Dracula. The Count slowly stalks his victim, charming her with talk of a new world where even the blind can see—"Let me take you from the black into the white," Dracula demands. And soon the vampire goes in for the kill. **RETURN OF DRACULA** is limited in scope, lacking in the traditional surroundings of Eastern Europe, yet nevertheless remains one of the horror gems of the late fifties.

MEXICAN MONSTERS

Let us momentarily direct our attention to the region south of the border and take a quick look at the Mexican vampire series which turn up regularly on weekend television. German Robles, the Mexican Christopher Lee, probably would be considered more the Mexican Robert Quarry if judged by today's standards. Robles has more of the elegance and Continental flare which Quarry reflects, becoming a super-human avenging vampire who dominates the scenes in which he appears. Unlike modern day Dracula films starring Christopher Lee in little more than walk-ons, Robles has a good deal of

hastily aborted when they cry out for additional attention and development. The sets and mood created in these Mexican productions, though, are startling to behold, gothic fancies, colonies of vampire coffins in abandoned cellars, hunchbacked servants, terrifying crypt scenes, etc. abound in these productions. Unfortunately, the scripts are never imaginatively developed and the direction is bland at best. True suspense is never generated, and when the director almost achieves a thrill, the effect is always destroyed by bad dubbing or over-pronounced music

fails to bring a smile to the face of this viewer. The Mexican vampire flicks are broken into two general categories forming two different film series. The first series contains **THE VAMPIRE** and **THE VAMPIRE'S COFFIN**. Next, following his success in this first series, Robles became the vampire king Nostradamus in four or five mediocre films.

ERIE ITALIANS

Around the late fifties and early sixties Italy produced a string of interesting vampire movies, the first starring none other than the master himself, Christopher Lee. **UNCLE WAS A VAMPIRE**, which Lee made in Italy a year following his international success in **HORROR OF DRACULA**, was a worthless piece of satiric garbage which was saved by two strong virtues—Lee himself (of course!) and a hilarious theme song, "Dracula Cha-Cha-Cha" (no kidding). Lee created all the fun and fright in the movie simply by recreating many of the best scenes from his earlier Hammer classic. Few American viewers worry about the plot or the dubbing. Instead they relish the marvelous vampire interpretation which is little else than an extension of his role in **HORROR OF DRACULA**. For Lee's outstanding scenes, see **UNCLE WAS A VAMPIRE**.

In 1961 Italy created another overlooked but fairly interesting production, **THE VAMPIRE AND THE BALKERINA**. Instead of creating the vampire in the mold of Lee or Lugosi, the creators of this production created a more horrible conception of the vampire, perhaps influenced by the successful grotesqueness of **NOSFERATU**. In any case, the film manages to generate some chills and flows with a nice atmosphere evolved mainly by the effective use of a gothic castle for the primary footage.

But Italy's greatest achievement in the cinema of the macabre has to be Mario Bava's modern classic, **BLACK SUNDAY**. This film catapulted Barbara Steele into successful horror film career which lasted almost ten years. In fact, the raven-haired actress still appears occasionally on television. Bava, working in a black and white medium, created a film reeking of death and decay, highlighting gothic sets with hidden chambers and visitors from the tomb. But mainly via Bava's inspired photography is the creeping suspense and horror drummed home. Even when seen after repeated viewings on the small tele-

Continued on page 29



Baring what must rank as the phoniest fangs ever to be stuck in an actor's mouth, this horde of hungry vampires tries to menace a bored cameraman in Al Adamson's **HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS** (1970), a film that mixes vampires, space travel, and prehistoric scenes—and is still manager to be dull.

Maroto artwork
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Burt Lan Graphics

This mighty collage of Maroto mastery comes from two sources. The small panels come from Maroto's FIVE FOR INFINITY strip and the large illustrations are part of a new Maroto Poster Set available from Heritage, P.O. Box 721, Forest Park, Ga. 30005.

MEET THE AMAZING MISTER MAROTO

Talent is a rare commodity. It's especially rare in the comic book industry, a field populated with never-weres, never-will-bees and over-the-hill hacks. That's why it's refreshing when a genuine talent does appear.

This talent came out of Spain, a country with an especially active comic industry, and set the comic business on its collective ear. His name is Esteban Maroto, and he's spent most of his American career drawing for the black and white comics of James Warren and The Marvel Comics Group. His meteoric rise is chronicled by Doug Murray, editor of HERITAGE magazine, and one of the top comic art collectors around today.

To say that Esteban Maroto is the best artist in contemporary comics might be an overstatement. To say that he's probably the most exciting new artist to burst on the comic scene since Jim Steranko is not. After breaking in as an American artist with the Warren Group, Esteban Maroto has moved over to Marvel, where it is expected that he will go on to even greater heights. And how he's reached this point is an interesting story.

Maroto was born in Barcelona, Spain at the peak of the second World War. Even from his earliest days, he knew what he wanted to be—a comic book artist. That was all he ever wanted to be. To that end,

the young Maroto did what one must. He drew. For hours a day, he drew. He studied art and artists, and then he drew some more. Finally, he became an apprentice in the Spanish comic book industry.

The Spanish apprentice system is quite different from anything that exists in America. Unlike the American industry, Spanish comic companies take on young and promising artists as regular employees. They earn their pay by doing production work (which could be anything from coloring, to lettering, to proof-reading, to making art corrections). In addition to this, they are given work by established artists to "copy." They continue to copy other artists' work until they are fully versed in all styles and can accurately duplicate anyone. In this way, the Spanish companies find, they become masters of all techniques and learn valuable lessons in anatomy and story-telling.

Young Maroto learned quickly and was soon given his own work for the Spanish company BURTLAN. His first strip was called WOLFF, which appeared in a comic magazine called DRACULA. Wolff, a sword and sorcery strip, featured a tall, Conan-like barbarian. Unlike Conan, however, Wolff explored a strange, unearthly planet where killing dragons, rescuing fair maidens and battling occult menaces were not unknown.

(Wolff, as well as the DRACULA comic, is now available in America. The Warren Publishing Company recently issued a collection of DRACULA comics, and The Monster Times sells all 12 DRACULA

comics printed in England.)

THE INFINITY 5

The response to Wolff was overwhelmingly favorable, and Maroto was given a new strip to draw—Five For Infinity, "Cinco por Infinito" (the Spanish title) was a combination science fiction and science fantasy strip that allowed Maroto to use all of his talents to the fullest.

It tells the story of three men and two women who are kidnapped by a strange vehicle from outer space and travel from world to world encountering strange adventures. The loose nature of Five For Infinity allowed great latitude for visual excitement. Maroto capitalized on the freedom, and made Five For Infinity a combination Tarzan/gladadiator/knight-in-armor adventure. That strange mixture of story lines proved tremendously popular and Five For Infinity was read throughout the Spanish-speaking world.

In Mexico, Five For Infinity was called Legionaires of Space, and a copy of the Mexican edition found its way into the hands of Marvin Wolfman. Wolfman, a former free-lance writer, who, at that time, was the Warren story editor, took an immediate liking to Maroto's material. On his return from Spain, Wolfman informed his publisher, the often-erratic but brilliant James Warren, of Maroto's talent.

Coincidentally, James Warren was desperately looking for capable artists for his three black and white magazines (CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA). Many of his best artists had quit or

switched to other companies, forcing Warren to utilize reprints. What few new stories he did print were recipients of poor, inferior artwork. These factors had caused a severe loss of sales, and Warren knew something must be done. What he did profoundly affected Maroto, Warren's company and the whole American comic industry.

Seeing the unlimited possibilities of Maroto and the other Spanish artists, Warren contacted the Selecciones Ilustradas (S.I.). Maroto's agent and Spain's largest agency. After some dithering, Warren brought in a host of Spanish artists to draw his books. Spearheaded by an always-improving Maroto, the new artstyle sparked sales on the Warren books. So popular have these Spanish artists become that Warren virtually eliminated American artists to concentrate on building the reputation of Maroto and the others.

MAROTO MAKES GOOD

Maroto's first artwork for Warren appeared in EERIE, where Maroto was given a new, continuing feature entitled DAX, THE WARRIOR. Although Dax closely resembled Marvel's Conan, the series became quite popular. Dax featured strange panel lay-outs—not linear like the American artists, but flowing and nebulous. This innovative style appealed to the American reading public, and Maroto's popularity rose quickly. Added to other unusual Maroto techniques (the use of pencil and ink, sponge shading and the scratch technique), his work offered a

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didn't use the traditional left-to-right panel order, and some readers became confused. Warren quickly solved this minor irritation by instructing his writers to break down the panels.

Unfortunately, Warren wasn't able to solve his other problem so easily. Despite his success, Maroto was unhappy with the progress of his career. While with Warren, Maroto had been restricted to interior work. Maroto, however, wanted to draw and paint color covers, a field he had great success with in Spain. He also demanded the return of his original art. Warren flatly refused Maroto's requests, and the atmosphere became less than cordial.

At that time, Maroto got a tumble from the fates that he, American artist Al Williamson (of *E.C.* and *SECRET AGENT CORRIKAN* fame) was an honored guest at the prestigious Lucca Comic Art Conference in Italy. Williamson also made a side-trip to Spain to visit Maroto, with whom he had been regularly corresponding. Williamson, aware of Maroto's desire to do color work, agreed to try and sell some of his work in America. Unfortunately, Williamson lives in an upstate New York hideaway, far from the potential sales markets. So Williamson passed the samples on to a New York fan, who made the rounds with the Maroto samples.

However, none of the established paperback houses were interested in material from a relatively unknown foreign artist. Especially since no one could gauge the sales potential of Maroto's material. Sol Cohen, publisher of two fine

science-fiction pulp magazines, *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC*, did take a chance and bought two paintings for use as covers on five new magazines—*DRACULA LIVES*, *FANTASTIC*. These sales gave Maroto his first American cover sales, and a basis to test his salability.

The next stop was back into the black and white comic book. This time for Warren's competitor—Marvel. They had just re-entered the magazine field with five new magazines—*DRACULA LIVES*, *VAMPIRE TALES*, *MONSTERS UNLEASHED*, *TALES OF THE ZOMBIE* and *Savage Tales*. Roy Thomas, Marvel's editor, had long been impressed with Maroto's work and immediately jumped at the opportunity to use Maroto. Thomas assigned Maroto his first comic magazine cover—*VAMPIRE TALES #1*.

MORE OF MAROTO

Thomas, aware of Maroto's popularity, and also watchful of Warren's sales figures, wanted more of Maroto. Up until that time, he had hesitated to contact him, not wanting to be accused of tampering with the competition's staff. But since Maroto had taken the initiative, Thomas reasoned, he would be within his realm of ethics. So he offered Maroto work for rate of pay equal to Warren's, but also promises of continued cover duty and the return of Maroto's originals. Maroto jumped at the opportunity and immediately informed Warren he would no longer be working for his books.

But Warren was not about to let his top artist go without a fight. Already in a life

and death struggle with Marvel and Skyward for newstand survival, he wanted to retain Maroto. Warren wrote Selecciones Illustradas and threatened to drop all of the Spanish artists from his books. Unless, of course, Maroto returned to the Warren fold.

Informed of this, Maroto wavered. He could not allow his countrymen to suffer because of him. He discussed the problem with Thomas and Al Williamson. They assured him that Warren could not enforce his threat. Warren, they said, needs the rest of the Spanish artists. Maroto hesitantly took the step, severed connections with the S.I. and began work for Marvel. At Warren, the other Spanish artists stayed.

At Marvel, Maroto quickly got work. A long-time fan of Conan, Maroto requested work in that vein, and Thomas complied. Maroto was assigned *Red Sonja*, a character from Robert E. Howard's Conan lore, and the character now appears in *SAVAGE TALES*. In addition, Maroto was assigned *SATANIA*, The Devil's Daughter, a new series whose origin tale appeared in *Vampire Tales #2*. While John Romita drew that first Satania tale, Maroto will be producing the rest. He has also been assigned one cover painting a month and occasional single stories for variety.

After spending only a few years in American comic—and working for only two companies—Maroto's already one of the most respected artists in the field. Not bad for a kid from Spain who only wanted to draw comic books!

Science fiction, fantasy, horror ... all coming from the fabulous pen of the Mighty Mr. Maroto.

new, pleasing look ... for Warren's books and for all American comics.

Realizing the potential salability of Maroto, Warren quickly assigned him another series, this one entitled *TOMB OF THE GODS*. Response to *Tomb* was just as positive, and Maroto quickly became the best known and most acclaimed of the Spanish staff. The sole complaint with Maroto's work on *Tomb of the Gods* was his free-form use of the page. It made for difficult reading. The comics, being a mixture of art and story, must not only be pretty, but also must tell a story. Maroto

Blacula's back and, for better or worse, TMT's got 'im. The screen's first black horror star William Marshall, returns in a new vampire vehicle SCREAM, BLACULA, SCREAM, and here to let the bat out of the bag is TMT Editor Joe Kane, who was forced at crucifix-point to see it...

Did you know that since the first vampire-related film appeared in 1896 (THE DEVIL'S CASTLE, a short about bats and devils made by pioneer movie magician George Melies) there have been over 110 feature films dealing with vampires, 35 of which were released over the past five years alone? Vampire movies have been produced by a dozen different countries besides our own, including Britain, France, Mexico, Germany, Italy, Sweden, the Philippines, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Malaysia, Brazil, and Turkey. There have been western vampires (CURSE OF THE UNDEAD, BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA), vampire comedies (THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS, UNCLE WAS A VAMPIRE), vampire porno movies (DRACULA, THE DIRTY OLD MAN, THE LESBIAN VAMPIRES), vampire wrestling films (SANTO AND THE VAMPIRE WOMEN), and vampire beefcake epics (GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES). Yet, with all this vampire variety, it wasn't until 1972 that the first black vampire appeared. BLACULA was his name and BLACULA, in the guise of actor William Marshall, has just returned to the screen in a sequel with the lively title of SCREAM, BLACULA, SCREAM.

An attempt to mix voodoo with vampirism but not with care, SCREAM, BLACULA, SCREAM begins when members of a California voodoo cult gather around the desecrated of their high priestess. Barely has the woman gasped her last than her son Willis (Richard Lawson) begins arguing that he is the logical successor to the throne. The rest of the cult members fail to see it that way, however, and would prefer to vote a lady named Lisa (Pam Grier) into occult office. Infuriated by this rejection, Willis buys a bag of bones from Ragman, a freelance voodoo practitioner (played by fine actor Bernie Hamilton who, turning in an exceedingly brief bit, manages to wisely vacate himself from the film even before the opening credits roll). Needless to say, the bones are those of Blacula, and, after much effort and chanting, Willis manages to resurrect the flesh & blood (mostly blood) Blacula. How Blacula emerges—fully clothed at that—from the inert pile of bones is not shown, a bit of cheating on the part of the AIP special effects department. Suffice it to say that, once restored, the African vampire shows his gratitude

That's no way to treat a lady—to break her heart while her back is turned! Unfortunately, with the exception of William Marshall and Pam Grier, most of the performances are as wooden as the stakes.



SCREAM BLACULA SCREAM

by
JOE KANE

by promptly sinking his fangs into Willis's neck
BITE ON!

From that point on, the film proceeds in the usual vampire vein, as Blacula, with much baring of fangs and draining of blood, recruits further victims. Due to the bizarre nature of these killings—twin puncture marks in the throat, bodies devoid of blood—suspicious falls on the voodoo cultists, especially Lisa, whose

boyfriend, an ex cop named Justin (Don Mitchell), tries to clear her name by convincing the detective in charge of the investigation (Michael Conrad) that vampires are indeed on the loose. After more killings and plot contrivances, the police find their way to Blacula's lair where a pitched battle with the vampires ensues, with much rending of flesh and staking of hearts, until the vampires are duly defeated and Blacula finally gets a chance to SCREAM.

While SCREAM, BLACULA, SCREAM is far from the worst vampire movie ever thrown together in a fit of money-mad whimper (you'd have to go a long way to compete with the likes of BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA and BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE for that honor), neither does it represent any great leap forward for either vampires or horror movies in general. Given lackluster direction by Bob Kiphan, the film is further burdened by a largely dull script, flat acting, and only moderately well-handled horror scenes. William Marshall does the best he can with the material provided him, and Pam Grier tries hard as the voodoo priestess, but the rest of the cast seems pretty uninspired. The pale, funk-free, imitation soul soundtrack and bits of profanity-laced, pseudo-"black" dialogue don't help much either.

There are a few effective scenes to relieve the poorly paced tedium, though... at least for a moment or two. One such scene occurs when the newly-vampirized Willis finds himself having a tough time adjusting to his new identity. Planning to go to a party, he decks himself out in garish mud finery, only to find that, sure he is now a vampire, the mirror refuses to reflect his image. His genuine frustration

Blacula takes time out for a drink on the way home from a hectic day recruiting new members for his vampire legion. An egallitarian fiend, Blacula doesn't care whether his victims are black or white—as long as their blood is bright red.

Willis (Richard Lawson), a newly-bitten vampire, takes on his very first victim in this predictable scene from SCREAM, BLACULA, SCREAM, ground out sans tender loving care by our friends at American-International.

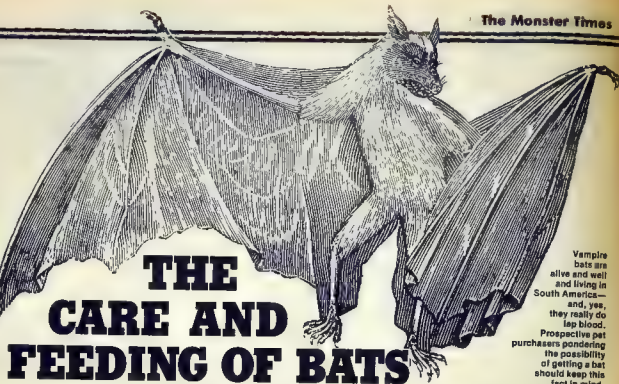
"a man's GOT to see his self" is nicely balanced by Blacula's restrained amusement. "I don't mind being a vampire," Willis explains, "but this ain't hip!" Unfortunately, such scenes are few and far between.

THE MONSTER MEANS WELL

Some attempt is made to cast Blacula in a sympathetic light. He would like nothing better than to kick the awful affliction and, while the police are battling it out with Blacula's minions, the African vampire and the voodoo priestesses are in another part of the house taking part in a ritual that will hopefully remove the curse of vampirism. But before the cure can come about, the pair are interrupted by police, and Blacula quickly reverts to his old self as his violent vampire nature overcomes his better judgment.

SCREAM, BLACULA, SCREAM looks like a rush job, made without necessary revisions in order to get your money as quickly as possible. Complicates will want to see it anyway, but less fanatical fright fans should wait till it turns up on a double bill with something worth seeing. Blacula's not the worst vampire ever to creep across the screen, but a scream he's not.

As astute readers of TMT already know, this publication is not devoted ONLY to things of a macabre and/or darkly whimsical nature, to fantastic flights of fancy alone. I mean, as much as we try to ignore it, we do realize that there is a real world out there, one brimming over with real, tangible things, like "reality" and "rain" and the like. All of which has little to do with the following article, except to say that everything in it is true and that it relates to the care and feeding of real, actual, living, breathing, blood-lapping BATS. And if you're thinking of adopting a bat in the near future (and we know from your letters that you're capable of thinking of ANYTHING), we suggest that you read Bat Lady Susan Marzoratti's article first. Not a bat idea, eh?



THE CARE AND FEEDING OF BATS

Vampire bats are alive and well and living in South America—and, yes, they really do lap blood. Prospective pet purchasers pondering the possibility of getting a bat should keep this fact in mind.

This is a Long-eared Bat, so designated because of the length of its ears. Bats need to be taken out for a flight every once in a while, so make sure you buy a long leash.

THE RIGHT BAT FOR YOU "Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Myotis"

There are over 1200 species of Chiroptera (bats, to you!) to choose from, but don't let that worry you. Unless you're an oil magnate (or an MT editor) and can fly around the world holding interviews while hanging upside down from palm trees, you'll have to find a meaningful relationship with a friendly local All-American bat type.

The "little brown bat" (*Myotis lucifugus*) is recognized as Best All-Around Bat, with the "Pipistrelle" (*Pipistrellus pipistrellus*) running second close second second. But if you're out for status, with a little effort and a lot of plane tickets, you can choose from a huge BATTalion of Chiropteran cuties.

There's the "Flying fox" (*Pteropus giganteus*) of India and Australia, for instance, with red-orange fur, big brown eyes, and a 5-foot wing span—the perfect choice if you live in an airplane hangar near a mango orchard. The "spotted bat" (*Euderma maculatum*) will stand out in any crowd (even in New York) with its gigantic pink see-through ears and black-and-white spotted fur. The



WHAT TO NAME THE BAT "I'm Bela, Fly Me to Transylvania"

If you must follow the crowd, go ahead and name your bat "Bela." You're probably one of those people who has a black dog named "Blackie," so what's the use of talking to you anyway? My advice, however, is to give him a name in keeping with his distinguished ancestry and

A HOME FOR YOUR BAT "Hanging Around"

A nice home for your brand-new bat can be bought at any pet store. It's called a bat cage, although they used to be sold as bird cages, and may still be called this by some stores. First, make sure the perch inside is high enough so your pet can roost in its usual hanging position without suffering a concussion or getting a charley-bat in its neck.

Be sure to line the bottom of the bat

cage with old newspapers for easy cleaning (Back issues of TMT are perfect for this!) Also, cover the cage from dawn to dusk so your pet can bat-nap undisturbed by harsh daylight. (NOTE: Some bat cages come with a little mirror hanging inside. If you have a vampire bat, REMOVE THIS IMMEDIATELY.) A few cobwebs here and there (preferably with spiders) or a Venus fly-trap (See VFT article on "Care & Feeding" back in ish 3 of TMT) are good decorator touches, as well as providing your bat with a light snack.

At first, your pet won't be particularly batty about his cage, and will try to fly out when he sees a chance, so remember after feeding or cleaning, don't forget to BATTen down the hatch!

FEEDING YOUR BAT "Rh Positive, Hold the Mayo"

Bats eat a lot. If you own the little brown bat or the pipistrelle, he'll love cottage cheese, mashed bananas, crushed pineapples and mealworms mixed together in one serving. This recipe has been scientifically tested and tried by the



"horse-faced bat" (*Myotis myotis*) has a long muzzle with funny flaps and warty-looking things on the end of it, and your friends will never guess what kind of bat it is, much less that it's a bat! (If you ever see a horse with a face like this bat, keep it to yourself.)

Got asthma? Then the "naked bat" is the bat for you! Republican? You'll love *Molossus rufus*, who at close range bears a striking resemblance to *Spira Agnew*. Of course, if you're the typical average freaky MT reader, there's really only one bat you want for your very own, right? *Desmodus rotundus*, known to you unscientific types as... **VAMPIRE!**

This is a Big Brown Bat, so designated because of its large size and brown coloring.

colorful role in legend and literature. Bats are snobs. Bats were known to the ancient Egyptians in 2,000 BC, had their pictures on early English coats-of-arms, and had a famous opera named after them—and you want to name your bat "Pookie"? Good bat names: *Merlin*, *Wolfgang*, *Max* (after Max Schreck, the first Dracula) and *Heathcliffe* for boy bats; *Medea*, *Anastasia*, *Mina* (after Mina Harker) and *BATasha* for batettes. Even if you don't come up with a good name right off the bat, you're sure to find the perfect name as long as you keep thinking in this **VEIN**.

Bela Lugosi ran into some pretty bat trouble in DEVIL BAT (1941). Mad doctors have a tendency to over do things, so Bela's pet was much bigger than your average bat.



world's prominent batarians, and is known technically as "glop."

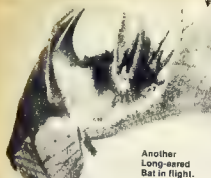
Vampire bats, of course, are much easier to feed. Contrary to the ridiculous propaganda you've been brainwashed with all your life, vampire bats do NOT suck blood. They LAP it, using a flicking motion of the tongue to keep the blood moving into the mouth and eventually into their long tube-like stomachs. In the wild, they sneak up on tip-toe to the legs and feet of some unsuspecting cow, horse or boy scout asleep on the ground, make a totally painless incision and enjoy a midnight feast! All this creeping around on the ground has made them expert at jumping, running and hopping over rocks and sleeping bags, and it's because of this agility that they're known as the acrobats of the Chiropteran tribe.

Your vampire will have his three square a day from a dish, of course, and he won't like it at first. But don't let him out of his cage until he's full; it may be fun to have a puppy playfully nipping at your heels, but a vampire bat is another story altogether!

(NOTE: Never open his cage immediately after shaving or donating to the Red Cross.)

EXERCISING YOUR BAT "Fish Gotta Swim, Bats Gotta Fly"

Bats need daily exercise to stay healthy, trim and to keep the blood circulating. (In vampires, exercise is not required for the latter effect.) In the wild,



Another
Long-eared
Bat in flight.

bats spend dusk to dawn getting all the exercise they need by flying around hunting and scaring people coming home from the movies. But what about your pet? Flying indoors is not enough. Bats like fresh air and a chance to catch a few insects on their own. No big deal. Just take him out after dark on a very long leash or rope and let him fly about over your head as you get exercise yourself, grabbing a June bug or moth now and then. (The bat, not you.)

Be very careful though to keep a tight grip on the leash in case a stranger comes along and you have to reel him in on your shoulder. Bats are man pets, and may attack strangers, injuring them badly. (Psychologically, anyway.) First thing you know, you'll get halted down to night court on an assault and battery charge!

(NOTE: Never take a bat out in chilly weather, as they must stay warm and dry at all times. As of this writing, bat-neck sweaters are not on the market; and if I were you, I wouldn't go around asking for one.)

DEAR BAT LADY

As one of the world's leading authorities on bats, the Bat Lady gets many letters from bat-owners and prospective bat-owners. She was kind enough to give us a few samples from her monstrous mailbag to run here.

Dear Bat Lady

Last year my brudder an' me got a pet bat for Halloween named Brutus. I think it's high time we give him a bath on account of he's getting dirty but every time he hears the water running, he screams and hides inna chandelier. How are we supposed to give him a bath if alla time he runs away?

Master Edward Smythe Smith,
Southampton, Long Island

Dear Edward

Where do you think the expression "blood bath" comes from? Don't you have a fat friend you can introduce him to?

Dear Bat Lady

I run a head shop in the Village and I'm thinking of stocking a few bats because I think it would be a groovy gimmick to hype sales. The only thing I'm worried about is what if the bat freaks and bites me?

Hip Capitalist

Dear H.C.:

That shouldn't be any problem. Bats are particularly fond of plastic.

Dear Bat Lady

My female bat, Lucretia, seemed very lonely so I got her a male companion, Basil. They got along right off the bat, but something seems to be wrong with Lucretia's eyes. She opens and closes them very rapidly for hours at a time. Could this be a nervous disorder or is she neurotic or something?

Concerned

Dear Concerned:

Didn't anyone ever tell you about the bats and the bees? This "nervous disorder" you speak of is simply a ritualistic mating signal practiced by all females... she's BATting her eyelashes at Basil!

Dear Bat Lady

I read your reply about Lucretia. She's been batting her eyes till she's blue in the face but Basil refuses to respond. Do you think there is something "furry" about him?

Still Concerned

Dear Still Concerned:

Vampire bats can be bloody particular. Maybe she's just not his "type".

Dear Bat Lady

I'd like to run an ad in your column, "Liberal-minded male bat seeks female of similar persuasion for weekend flights of ecstasy. No one with nervous disorders need apply."

Thank you.

Basil

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MONSTER KITS! Here are some monster model kits you'll just go "ape" over. All your favorites are here, every one of them, including ever-popular Godzilla. Don't you just love to have monsters in your own room. Get them now.



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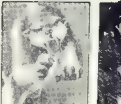
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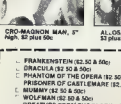
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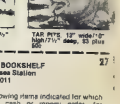
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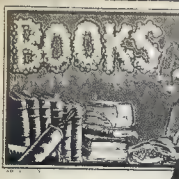
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Vampires have been flourishing with a vengeance of late (how else would you expect them to flourish?) in films, comics, and especially books. Among the recently-released vampire books are Gabriel Ronay's *THE TRUTH ABOUT DRACULA*, McNally and Florescu's *IN SEARCH OF DRACULA*, Don Glut's *TRUE VAMPIRES OF HISTORY*, Nancy Gardner's *VAMPIRES*, Ornella Volta's *THE VAMPIRE*, and Leonard Wolf's *A DREAM OF DRACULA*. Of all these terror tomes, book critic John Howlett was most taken by the last-mentioned and immediately went in search of Leonard Wolf to interview that author. The following is the result of that macabre meeting of the minds...

**DREAM
ALONG
WITH
ME!**

follore. Authors McNally and Florescu have gathered many of the original stories from peasants in the area. Justifying the tales with what is known as historical fact. Their research and findings are invaluable to any would-be vampire scholar. While reading the book, however, I couldn't help wishing that they had decided whether to give a scholarly treatment or a popular one. The poor combination of the two styles is alternately tedious and patronizing.

Even after reading these tomes, I still lack the vital link which would establish the vampire as a mythic figure of importance to us living in America in the Seventies. I found what I lacked in Leonard Wolf's fine *A DREAM OF DRACULA*.



Royal Lyceum Theatre.

HENRY IRVING

DRACULA
THE ORIGIN

PLAY BY

WOLF'S DINE DREAM

Here was a study which took Dracula seriously, not the Dracula of history, but the Dracula of our imagination, best personified by the character created by Bram Stoker some 75 years ago. This quality is what the other books lacked. For what most vampire lovers with more than a superficial interest in the fiend want is a treatment of Stoker's *DRACULA*, not some medieval court, so fascinating though and the historians. Our contemporary, mythic Dracula dates from Stoker.

I met with Wolf to discuss areas which he touched upon in his book. "My own idea is not involved in any of the other books that have come out," Leonard Wolf speaks with Lugosi-like intensity radiating from his penetrating

eyes. "Mina addresses itself to the meaning of the symbols, much more than to whether or not there was a historical Dracula. There was one, as you know, and there were many precedents for human brutality. One doesn't have to scour history to find examples of human brutality. There are plenty of them within our own most recent past. I am not nearly so interested in the historical Dracula as I am in why our society does on vampire movies."

"There's a kind of genre of vampirism, as I call it. I carry in my briefcase a child's Vampire kit, and a photo of a youngster going to a supermarket to buy Count Chocula breakfast cereal. You can buy shaving cream sold to you in Bela Lugosi's voice. What is there that's so anteing about somebody drinking blood? The question I tried to answer—or at least propose a suggestion."

In any of the Dracula lore with which we are familiar, the stamp of the Church is very evident. Tod Browning's *DRACULA* initiated the idea that the vampire must cower in the face of the cross. In Stoker's her, is branded when the consecrated host touches her forehead. I asked Leonard if belief in God is necessary for belief in the vampire.

Ornella Volta, the Italian vampire scholar, says that in dealing with Western literature, the concept of Christianity is central to the vampire idea. It's not necessary in other parts of the world, Leonard explained. "Primordial peoples have no idea of a Deus can also invent vampire because they make the logical connection: if blood feeds the body when you die, taking it in will give you life."

"I think other explanations can be found in the plaques and Turkish-Christian were

LET 'EM EAT CHRISTIANS

"So there are a variety of vampire manifestations, and I've cited some of them in the book, but there's nothing like the Christian concept of the vampire. The particular power of this symbol is not only does it create the semblance of the demon, but the specific demon who hates the soul—the devil, the Anti-Christ."

I recalled that many of the heretics in the history of the Church were thought to be the Anti-Christ who would precipitate the Second Coming.

Some historians believe that the origins of the vampire may lie in stories that were created in order to frighten people into honoring excommunication." Leonard commented. The excommunicant could become a vampire when he died; that fact alone, if believed, would serve to effectively ostracize him from the Christians while he was alive.

The "real" Count Dracula (Vlad Tores of Transylvania to you) didn't go around biting people, but he was fond of impaling his subjects on pointy wooden stakes. Those were rough times, however, and lecherous tyrants would go to disturbing lengths to keep themselves amused.

of the early Middle Ages. The plaques produced countless bodies which were simply shoveled into the ground. Doubtless, some of them were not dead. And there's no question that some of those bodies got up and walked and scared everybody in sight. Meanwhile, some other bodies had not decayed fast enough to measure the surviving people. That's one source.

"The Crusaders attributed vampire-like characteristics to the Turks they were fighting. That probably explains why it was the border areas between East and West Europe, along the Danube, which saw the largest infestation of vampires."

COUNT VS. CHRIST

Like Christ, the vampire seemed to conquer death. "Christ conquers death by being himself the promise of salvation. Dracula seems to conquer death by offering a simulacrum of life. But the vampire's simulacrum can only be maintained by a constant drain on the living. It's a bad contract. Give me your allegiance and I will give you life. But the life is ghastly!"

Pope Paul has come out and said that it's time for the Church to spend more time studying demonology. In fact, at one time the history of the Church, which could be declared a heretic if you didn't believe in werewolves! But what about the rest of us who seem to be walking around in a secular world? What does the vampire symbol mean to us?

Leonard's beard, Rasputin-like countenance brightens as he makes the point he has been leading up to.

"It's neither new nor abolition. It's anyone living in our contemporary energy-hounding, but self-destructing world who will recognize the symbol. Dracula is still powerful. I'm arguing, not just because he's Christian, but because we recognize him as one of us. He stands for our temptations. He stands for our horrors. He stands for our secret dreams!"

As is obvious from the above or from even a brief perusal of any of the new vampire books, Leonard Wolf is not in Stoker's shadow. From *ROBERTA RACULA*, the inspiration is that still.

It could pay no greater tribute to Leonard Wolf and his book than to say: It made me want to reread Stoker—and dream.

John Howlett

According to our reviewer, Leonard Wolf's *A DREAM OF DRACULA* is the best book on vampires to appear in months. We don't recommend that you read it in sunlight, though—it's liable to melt in your hands.

A flock of vampires landed on my desk over the past year. As book reviewer for a national magazine, I was accustomed to receiving a curious book on occasion, but never had I expected to receive a half dozen new books on vampires within one month. Why now? What made highly respected publishers believe that they could suddenly market serious studies of the phenomenon? I was determined to find out. The resultant six months of reading, viewing, and researching has left me scared and awed by the vampire—with many a nightmare to show for it.

With the possible exception of the movie-made monster, no other figure of popular mythology has so occupied the American imagination and media as the vampire. On stage and screen he has been with us for over fifty years, and shows no signs of aging.

VAMPIRE WORKS

I sought reasons for this fascination in three of the new books. Gabriel Ronay's *THE TRUTH ABOUT DRACULA* is a long through-the-centuries. Though Ronay compiles more than he contributes, his use of original source material is impressive. The volume serves as a fine introduction to the subject.

IN SEARCH OF DRACULA, on the other hand, treats mainly the historical Dracula, Prince of Wallachia, who was a central character in Romanian and Hungarian

VAMPIRE VISIONS

Just in case you run short of inspiration, we put together this heart-pounding page guaranteed to keep you Dreaming of Dracula & all his violent vampire friends. This creepy collage (a creative process that entails cutting up old pictures and mixing them up on the page) depicts a deadly array of screen vampires and captures their many malicious moods. Ever since the first appearance of the nefarious Nosferatu back in 1922, vampires have been feeding their blood habits, adding to their legend, and laying their claws on your money in theaters all over the world. TMT salutes them one and all, and we pray that they may never see the light of day. In fact, the only kind of vampire we're never likely to see is one with a deep suntan.

Among the vampires on view here are

The Lugosi DRACULA,

A Hammer

BRIDE OF DRACULA,

Max Schreck as

NOSFERATU,

William Marshall

as BLACULA,

Jonathan Frid as

BARNABAS COLLINS,

Robert Quarry

as COUNT YORGA,

An ABC animated

DRACULA,

Chris Lee as

the Hammer

HORROR OF

DRACULA

An alien

vampire from

HORROR OF

THE BLOOD

MONSTERS,

and

John Carradine

as the Count,

about to meet

Billy The Kid



MONSTER TIMES BACK ISSUES!

Okay, gang, here's your once-in-a-lifetime (well, not exactly, but...) chance to pick up some rare and valuable back issues of THE MONSTER TIMES, the first newspaper of horror, science fiction and fantasy. We've got issues on everything—just look at

our gallery of gory delights—enough to scare even the most fearless reader. And don't forget, each issue contains a giant color centerfold, suitable for framing or hanging on your crypt wall to cover up the holes or even for wrapping fish.



TMT 1. COLLECTOR'S CLASSICS '82
Our special premiere issue containing part one of 'The Men Who Served King' NOGHERATI, DEGENFELD and BUCK ROGERS. Also included is a Barry Knight comic strip featuring a 'Star Trek' character. STAR TREK comic strip.



TMT 2. SPECIAL STAR TREK '82
Our first all STAR TREK issue featuring 'The Star Trek Saga' interview with the late Leonard Nimoy and story by G. TREK. A Rich Barker comic strip and a review of 'Star Trek: The Motion Picture'.



TMT 3. GIANT BUGS ON THE MURCH '81
F. P. Murch of Bug Comics. Bug's the Co-Med by Murch. 'The End of the Star' by Murch. A Rich Barker comic strip and a review of 'Star Trek: The Motion Picture'.



TMT 4. BLADE OF FRANKENSTEIN '81
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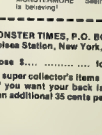
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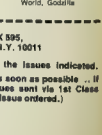
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Back in TMT #18 we ran an excerpt from an interview with Christopher Lee conducted by TMT Media Editor R. Allen Lelander, promising that sometime in the future we would run the rest of that earth-convulsing conversation. Well, the future is here, and here also is the rest of that interview, one that took place, incidentally, on the set of **NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT**, the first film produced by Mr. Lee's own production company, Charlemagne Productions Ltd. We're still anxious... by awaiting the release of that film, which the monstrous Mr. Lee discusses here...

A Candid Conversation with Christopher Lee...

THE END OF THE COUNT?

Christopher Lee is a striking figure indeed. The world's foremost living vampire actor, he stands six feet tall, owns a pair of deep, penetrating eyes, a somber voice, and strikes a distinctly aristocratic stance. For **NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT** (which co-stars Peter Cushing), he was sporting a thick black mustache that served to emphasize his rugged features. We began our meeting with a short tour of London's Pinewood Studios in his Royal Rolls Royce, no less. Finally, the formalities were done with, and we got down to the business of discussing his new film and horror films in general.

TMT: Why do you think people go to see horror films?

LEE: That's a easy one to answer. They go because they are the most escapist films made. They aren't entirely real. They aren't half-dangerous... not as much as the crime dramas. They form an emotional safety valve. Psychologists have known this for years.

stars of the film would promote the picture in various cities. It could be that you in America are greater believers in promotion and exploitation than we are over here. On the other hand, you could say that one's name and the type of picture one does promotes itself without necessitating one's presence.

TMT: Now would you describe your current film NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT?

LEE: I would describe it as a thriller... which is what we call it in this country. It's an adventure thriller. It has a lot of action and excitement in it. And it's important

it is modern and totally believable.

A MYSTERIOUS PLOT

TMT: Can you tell me something about the plot?

LEE: Not much. That would spoil it. But it does have some very strange and terribly funny business in it. I wouldn't want to frighten you before the film is even finished!

TMT: Why after one hundred and ten films did you decide to produce your own pictures?

LEE: I think one of the major problems we have had in this industry for a very long time now is that too many people have concentrated entirely on the selling of pictures. People seem to have forgotten that pictures have to be made. And by making pictures I mean exactly that: pictures are made in studios... on studio floors by professional people both in front of the camera and behind it. This is something which I am afraid many people have lost sight of in the last few years. They have made pictures to please themselves rather than to please the audience. I am making this picture because I believe it has a subject that will appeal to the general public. That is the obvious reason for making a film... to entertain the audience.

TMT: Is that the only reason that you formed your own production company?

LEE: I also did it because I have appeared, as every actor and actress has appeared, in many pictures that didn't terribly enjoy. I suppose this new effort of mine is a sort of declaration of independence. I'm not making my own pictures to rival anyone else or take anybody else on. I'm not in competition with anyone specifically. I just believe that pictures can be made in this area which will have world wide success without being of mine or excessively risky or violent. Something has to be left up to the imagination.

"If I were offered Stoker's story exactly as he had written it, I'd do it again, for the last time," says Cline, expressing his disenchantment with the way vampires have been handled on the screen. Still, his initial undad outing, THE HORROR OF DRACULA, is considered by many bright fans to be the greatest vampire epic ever filmed.

TMT: Then you didn't approve of the way many of your films were presented.

LEE: I did not believe that it was necessary to wash the screen with blood, to show everything. I believe in suggestion... then leave it up to the minds of the audience. This particular story I'm filming now is going to be made the way I feel a film should be made, with mass appeal, professionally and above all a truly believable action suspense thriller.

CHRIS CRITICIZES CRANKING
TMT: I take it that you don't approve of the way films are cranked out in Hollywood?



Chris prepares to sink his fanged fangs into the naked neck of lovely lady victim in **TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA** (1970). Nonetheless, Mr. Lee has grown weary of playing the carnivorous Count.

LEE: I am against the studio star system. It's something manufactured. It's a stable. In one respect you cannot do without stars star performance... star appeal... star personality... this is a person that by virtue of themselves audiences all over the world will go to see. This constitutes a star. It's a mixture of so many things. You can be a star without being a good actor. Hollywood has proven that over and over

again. You can also be a star and be a good actor. The fact is that the audience goes to the cinema to see people... people they like... and people who give them quality star performance. There's no question about it.

TMT: Can you tell me something about the plot of NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT? What is so special about it?

LEE: It would spoil it if you knew too much. For one thing the film can be taken on two levels, which makes it more than just escapist entertainment. This is not a horror film. It is a thriller. It introduces a terror element to the screen that is totally new. This is a topical source of suspense and terror which I think has very serious implications for all of us to think about.

CHRIS QUITS COUNT

NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT premiered in London in 1972, but we in America still don't know too much about it, for the film has yet to see release here. Chris's Charlemagne Productions has no less than six projects being readied for filming, but all are still in the early planning stages. In the meantime, Mr. Lee has been kept busy as an actor in other producers' films, but he won't be playing Dracula. In a recent issue of *Variety*, Chris was quoted as saying "The Dracula subject's played out. I have no intention of playing the character again because I'm increasingly disenchanted with the way he has been presented." And Chris will not relent except under one condition. "If I was offered Stoker's story exactly as he had written," Chris told the *Variety* reporter, "I'd do it again, for the last time."

Looks like vampire fans will have to content themselves with Hammer reruns unless Christopher Lee has a change of heart. We're sure that Chris didn't arrive at this decision without a good deal of thought. After all, the black hearts of horror buffs around the world are at stake.

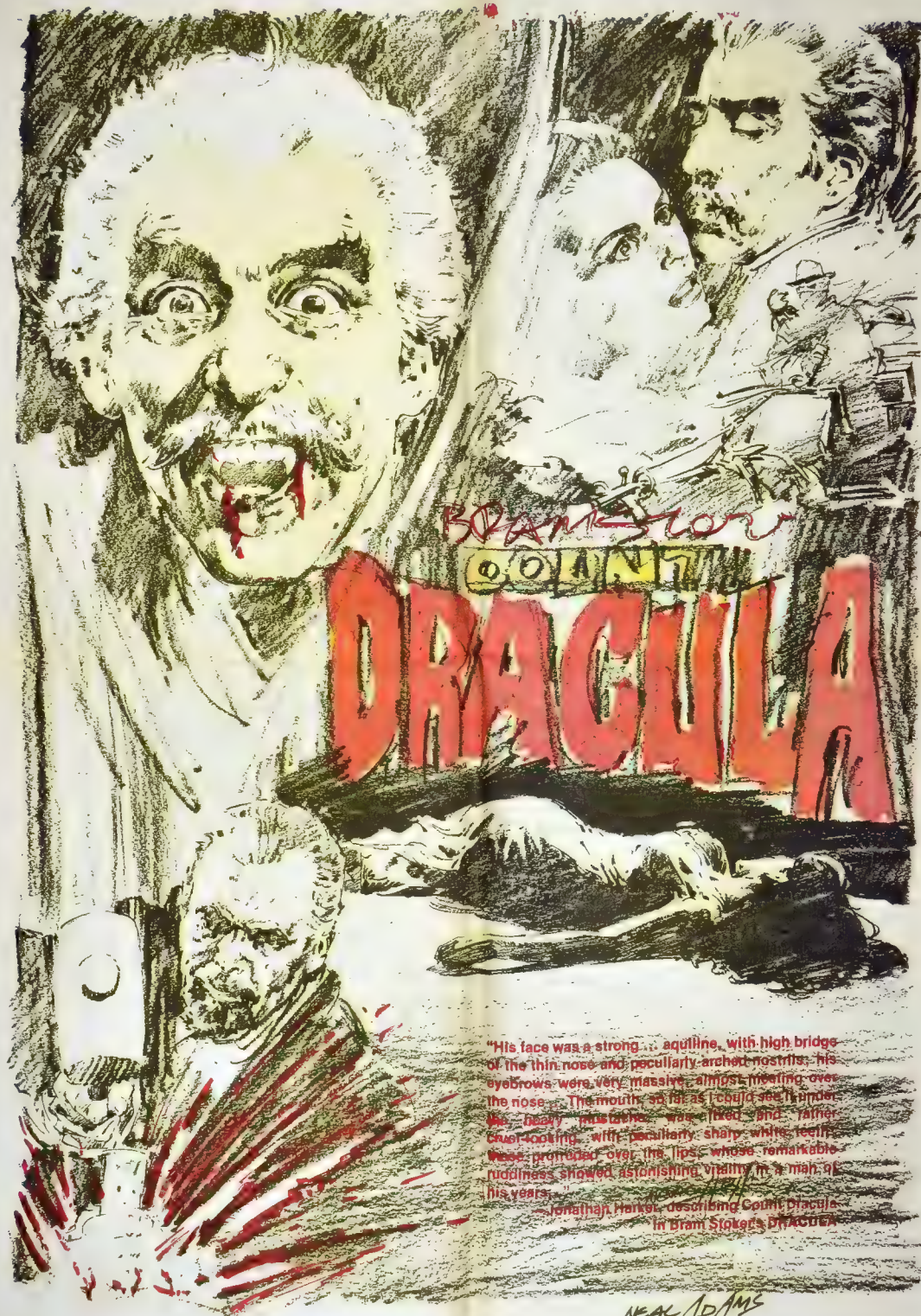
Chris prepares to sink his fanged fangs into the naked neck of lovely lady victim in **DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE** (1968)

TMT: I've often wondered how come, if these films do so very well in America, Peter Cushing or yourself would never come to the U.S. Why don't you?

LEE: In the last ten or fifteen years I've made pictures mainly in this field. I'd like to mention here that I prefer to call them the strange... the occult... the weird or macabre... fear... fright... these are all much better words than horror. And a large number of these pictures have been shown in America. With one exception I have not made any publicity tours. That one exception was the **HORROR OF DRACULA** in 1958 when Peter Cushing and myself were in New York for five days. With that exception I have never been asked to promote any of my films, which, by the way, have a greater financial and commercial success in the United States than almost any other type of picture made.

TMT: If the financial return is so great, is there any reason why the distributors don't have promotional tours to boost sales even further?

LEE: I think the reason is quite basic... they just don't want to be the first of bringing somebody over from Great Britain to the U.S. and having them travel around. They think the picture promotes itself. I would have thought there would be a greater advantage if one of the major



"His face was a strong... aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils; his eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose. The mouth so far as I could see lay under the heavy mustache, was closed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth. These protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years."

Jonathan Harker, describing Count Dracula in Bram Stoker's DRACULA

NEAL ADAMS

Of all the top-level horror stars, only Bela Lugosi lived a personal life that was almost as rife with horror as his films. Poor health, bad movies, and a long, grueling bout with drug addiction hastened the great man's decline, and some still criticize his admittedly unsubtle acting style. But who can ever forget that immortal moment in *THE RAVEN*, when Boris Karloff, as the homely escaped convict Bateman, tells mad doctor-Poe freak Lugosi, "Maybe if a man is ugly, he does ugly things." To which Bela, with great gloom, replies, "You are saying something profound, Bateman," and promptly mutilates Karloff's face! Those were the days. Dave Stidworthy tells of the hard times that followed herewith...

A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Monster: Bela Lugosi, looking evil and sinister (but fit and chipper, as rendered by artist Hal Shull). Scarcely more than 20 years after, though, Bela had decayed into a deeply wrinkled, enfeebled old man, the effects of a hard life complicated by professional insecurity and drugs.



THE DECLINE AND FALL OF BELA LUGOSI

As the cruel but continental Count Dracula, Bela to put the bite on an unsuspecting victim. Bela himself



Lugosi draws back that famous black cape as he prepares to put the bite on the victim. As he was—buried in it.

POOR BELA LUGOSI. Boris Karloff, despite the crippling effects of old age, held the title "King of Horror" to the very end. Len Chaney Sr., who would have played Dracula if he hadn't died of throat cancer, also vacated his career and this earth on a high note. Chaney Jr. was frequently exploited by inept filmmakers in his later years, but his top monster, the Wolf Man, shows no sign of aging. Unfortunately, Bela didn't fare as well as his fellow fright stars.

Fear of unemployment was the felon who set Bela up for his professional downfall. Anything made by Monogram or PRC—shabby outfits that dominated the B film industry of the 40s—permeates a

theater with the smell of rotting celluloid. No one connected with these born losers could escape ridicule, least of all Bela Lugosi. John Carradine's tendency to denigrate a scene comes naturally out of his leviathan talent—the weaker the actors around him, the brighter he shines. George Zucco never paried with his British accent, but his mad doctor roles were all alike anyway. Lugosi, unable to shake his unubiquitous mannerisms, was burdened by an air of exaggerated over-mysteriousness. Whether playing good guy or bad, he was always that oily-tongued Hungarian who read lines like theatrical asides, and he never lost his tendency to overact.

From 1940 through 1945, Bela appeared in such forgettable quickies as *THE DEVIL BAT* (1940), *THE INVISIBLE GHOST* (1941), *SPOOKS RUN WILD* (with the East Side Kids, also in 1941), *BLACK DRAGONS* (1942), *THE CORPSE VANISHES* (1942), *BOWERY AT MIDNIGHT* (1943), *NIGHT MONSTER* (1943), *THE APE MAN* (1943), *GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE* (1943, again with the East Side Kids), *VOODOO MAN* (1944), and *RETURN OF THE APE MAN* (1944). After this prolonged losing streak, Bela stepped down to appear in *SCARED TO DEATH* in 1947, an independent film that almost made the Monogram entries seem acceptable by comparison. During

this period. Bela also appeared in RKO's ghastly GENIUS AT WORK (1946) and ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY (1946), a pair of anemic Wally Brown-Alan Caray "eccleasies."

CURSE OF THE CAT LADY

One of Val Lewton's movies, THE CAT PEOPLE, was about an East European girl named Irina (Simone Simon) who believes she descends from a race of catwomen and abstains from sexual contact out of the fear that she will turn into a panther. The first of two specters that were to torture Bela—the second was drug addiction—was a real-life Irina named Hedy, the key figure in a strange Lugosi legend. The story goes as follows: In the coastal town of Alhambra, in 1914, Bela (then using his real name, Bela Blasko) met this Hedy. Her eyes, like those of a cat, were yellow! While Bela never enjoyed her presence, she seemed to exercise a strange hold over him. Several weeks after they met, Hedy vanished. Military duty in Hungary occupied Bela's time. Wounded twice, once seriously, it is understandable that Bela developed an exaggerated fear of death—even without the melancholic Hedy around to fortify his phobias. On the stage of the Royal National Theater years later, Bela saw Hedy in the audience, those unmistakable yellow eyes identifying her at once. Courageously carrying on with the show, Bela looked for her later, but again she disappeared.

Moving to our country to perform "Dracula" at a Brooklyn theater, Bela experienced a psychosomatic collapse when again the haunting eyes of Hedy turned his vision to mush. San Francisco a year later: Hedy's third attendance at a Lugosi performance. Hedy's strange appearances unnerved Bela to a great degree... that he didn't fall apart was a tribute to his inner strength. The mystery of the girl with the yellow eyes was never cleared up to Bela's satisfaction, and it continued to trouble him throughout his life.

BELA'S BAD TIMES

The story behind headlines like "Film Dracula Seeks Drug Cure" and "Bela Lugosi Admits He's Used Narcotics For Twenty Years" began when he developed agonizing leg pains. Refused morphine, which he first took to suppress the pain, he turned to methadone—legal now under supervision, but a criminal substance to use or sell back then. After methadone, Bela used a brother to morphine—demerol.

The fourth Mrs. Lugosi, the former Lilian Arch, tried to detoxify Bela by administering smaller and smaller doses of the drug. But when she later left him, taking their son, Bela Jr., with her, Bela suffered a relapse that continued until he resolved to take the cold turkey

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Here's a burning glamorous love-tale told on the borderland of life and death... the story of a fiend who placed the woman he desired under the strange spell of

'WHITE ZOMBIE'

rendering her soul-less, lifeless yet permitting her to walk and breathe and do his every bidding!

SEE THIS LIVE, WEIRD, STRANGEST OF ALL LOVE STORIES!

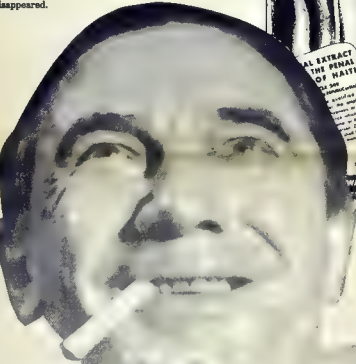
with
BELA DRACULA LUGOSI

NOTE: The picture of Dracula is guaranteed by death to rival the best. Nothing, however, presented in the picture, which, however, may be strange things are happening that you can't understand.

WARD HALPERIN PRODUCTION
Directed by VICTOR HALPERIN

On the heels of his fabulously successful DRACULA, in 1932, Bela already deigned to appear in independent films like WHITE ZOMBIE. While cheaply done, WHITE ZOMBIE, in contrast to Bela's later roles, wasn't all that bad

Bela in his prime looked healthy and relaxed as he took a cigarette break on the set of H. O. Wells' ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (1932) prior to being transformed by studio make-up men into the wolf-man character who leads a legion of animal men in a revolt against the mad Dr. Moreau (Charles Laughton).



treatment. Although Bela had taken dope not for thrills but to ease his pain, the papers, both white and yellow, were disgracefully hard on him. Drugs are nothing new on the Hollywood scene, and rock musicians and counterculture actors are getting busted all the time. Hollywood drug scandals have provided copy for sensation-mongers ever since the days of silent films, and Bela wasn't spared once word of his addiction leaked out. By the time he left the hospital, he was old and arthritic, but clean and ready to resume work.

BELA IN BRITAIN

Prior to his commitment, a remarkably healthy-looking Bela went to England to do OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE, also called VAMPIRES OVER LONDON. Delayed many years for American release, it finally came over here as MY SON, THE VAMPIRE to justify a spaced-out Alan Sherman song that played over the credits.

Lugosi played Van Housen, a menacing reincarnation of a vampire who, in addition to being active in the daytime, sets out to rule the world. His intended robot army needs the proper power source and so he abducts Julia Soletti, heiress of a South African uranium mine, to obtain the map of its whereabouts. Mark I, the only robot actually constructed (looking like an ambulant two-armed bandit with a tickertape done affixed to its tin head), is mistakenly sent

to the shop of shrill, jabbering Irish biddy Mother Riley (Arthur Lucan in drag), and the real fun begins. Van Housen forces Mother Riley to eat plate after plate of liver to improve her blood count. Nonstop slapstick prevails until Van Housen and his gang are apprehended by New Scotland Yard. Usually awkward in comedy situations, Bela contributed a few laughs. "Master, why do you sleep in your evening clothes?" asks Van Housen's servant. "Because I was buried in them," he replies.

Aside from Bela's presence and a few faintly funny malapropisms delivered by Mrs. Riley, the film had little to recommend it. Still, compared to some of the films that Bela made after this one, it almost seems clever in retrospect.

It's among Bela didn't quit films for good after he enacted a mad doctor in a fiasco with bells on that even had the supreme gal to work his name into the title: **BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA**, also shown under the title **THE BOYS FROM BROOKLYN**. It was produced in 1952 by Jack Broder, whose partner in this cinematic crime was none other than Jim Nicholson, late former president of American-International Pictures.

Duke Martin Jerry Lewis lookalikes
Dean Mitchell and Sammy Petrillo play
Korean War "entertainers" stranded on
an island where Bela turns Mitchell like
an ape—no great feat, that. "Looks like
death took a holiday," pipes Petrillo,
looking at Bela's castle. "And judging
from the hangover, he never came back."
The film's all right, but it's not as if
Petrillo has in the dressing room of
Jerry nightclubs, where Bela is the head
waiter! The level of talent displayed in
this film has rarely, if ever, been equalled.
"What on this one if you dare: Petrillo:
"Looks a damn bit better," Mitchell: "I don't
know. What's a damn better?" Petrillo: "A
damn better than the eggs in the egg."
JU-AU... JU-AU... JU-AU... Amos...
who failed to find humor in Petrillo's
antics was Jerry Lewis himself, who
successfully sued his imitator, thus run-
ning Sammy's already unspectacular

MORE WOOD-EN ROLES

After his hospitalization, Bela made two pictures for frayed shoestring producer Edward D. Wood Jr., beginning with **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER**, from a script co-authored by Bela's long-time friend and admirer Alex Gordon. The film also featured bulky ex-wrestler Tor Johnson, who recreated the imbecilic giant "Lobo" in **THE UNEARTHLY** (1957). ▶



One of Bela's last, and certainly least, film roles cast him as a mad Russian scientist, seen here getting his comeuppance from deranged assistant Tor Johnson, in Edward D. Wood's *BRIDE OF THE MONSTER*. Any resemblance between the old Bela and this one is faint indeed.

A PERVERSE PLAN

PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE is a sacrilege and I'm not talking through my hat—it was actually financed by a Lutheran church in Hollywood! Most of the movie was shot in a San Fernando Valley cemetery and against curtains of black velvet decorated with gnarled trees, scruffy brush and layers of hazy mist. The "Guest Stars" were Bela, Tom Johnson, Tom Keene, Gregory Walcott, Lyle Talbot, John Breckinridge, Conrad Brooks, Vampira, and the put-on prediction expert Ciriawell. Rev. Lyan Lemon, pastor of the church that sanctioned this fiasco, presided over a funeral scene.

Bela's fate is seen clearly in the film only at the service for his wife (Vampira). He died during production, and the same guy who snuffed Lobo ghosted his role behind a black cape. The story had to do with the link between strange murders in the cemetery and sightings of a U.F.O. Vampira and the fake Bela are two of the zombies controlled by the aliens—the third being Inspector Daniel Clay (Tor Johnson), the mountainous policeman attacked by Vampira who wanders around in foggy circles the rest of the time—after the saucer makes one of its periodic returns to the cemetery.

Even in fiction Bela is expendable—the aliens decompose him in front of some people on a patio, and under the cape is a bag of bones! **PLAN 9** or **GRAVE ROBBERS FROM OUTER SPACE** (as Criswell called it in the film's prologue) made the drive-in circuit in 1959 and was released to TV a few years after that.

Officially, **THE BLACK SLEEP** was Bela's last movie. Again without lines, he staggered through it as Casimir, the deaf and dumb servant of insane brain experimenter Sir Joel Cadman (Basil Rathbone).

Lon Chaney, John Carradine and Tor Johnson were three of Cadman's mutants, upstaged in sheer hideousness by the other two, George Sawaya and Sally Yarnell.

BELA'S LAST DAYS

Bela's fifth wife was Hope Lininger, an ardent fan and correspondent. Her first name seemed fitting since she gave Bela the happiest days he had known in many years. His first marriage had lasted a mere twenty-four hours! In order to protect them from outsiders, Bela purchased a house filled with drastic safety precautions. Every door was locked, and only a few select guests were admitted into their home.

One of five guard hounds slept near the Lugosi bedroom. Bela had reason to fear bats as well as cats: a bat that had been harassing the couple was buried in the garden, but they supposedly saw it again. The grave dirt was undisturbed, but the bat was gone.

The Lugosi considered returning to Hungary, to Bela's hometown, Lugos, but Death caught up with Bela before this could come about. His remains were interred in Holy Cross Cemetery on August 18, 1956. Bela was buried in his Dracula cape and a copy of the Dracula crest ring whose original was bequeathed to a bespectacled, mustachioed gentleman named Forrest J. Ackerman who, two years later, would edit a fine monster magazine.

The last photo ever taken of Bela paired him with agent Don Marlowe. It's a haunting shot. Even in this seemingly ordinary picture, Bela seemed apprehensive, glancing nervously over his shoulder ... looking for who? Or what? We'll never know.



Bela played a sympathetic character out to get revenge on sadistic occult leader Boris Karloff in **THE BLACK CAT** (1934). While **H** didn't have much to do with Edgar Allan Poe, the film did have its chilling moments, and Bela's performance was a memorable one.

Republic film with John Carradine, as well as in Wood's never-released **NIGHT OF THE GHOULS**. (Bela also appeared in another very obscure Wood flick in 1963

DEAD? NO, I'M NOT, STEAMBOAT!

Even though C. C. Beck is leaving Captain Marvel, the character will certainly remain. Whether it remains as the character we all know is an entirely different question

FFF

In addition to being a sci-fi scholar and all-arounder at the wild, ED SUMMER owns and operates the Superhero Bookstore, a well-stocked, sprawling fan's paradise specializing in comics, film books, and other tomes & items dealing with fantasy. In return for the above plug, Ed will be scurrying about to bring you the latest scoop from the world of science fiction, where anything can happen and often in a while does.

It seems appropriate to blast off a new column with a review of a new magazine. So, in order that I might do just that, the universe neatly supplied me with VERTEX, the only classy sci-fi mag to surface since the overzealous ANALOG first appeared to these many years ago.

VERTEX is a full-sized (as opposed to digest) slick published by the same people who gave us MANKIND (which ain't bad either). The content runs the whole gamut from short stories and novelettes to science fact and interviews with writers. In the first issue alone, we were treated to fiction by Silverberg, Ellison, and Harrison, a conversation with Ray Bradbury, and an uncannily accurate lecture by Robert Heinlein that had hitherto gone unpublished for 32 years. The magazine is a real mix of fairly exciting - with more space than any other mag. - as well as monochrome, with two-color in the occasional case, and a full-color wrap-around cover. So far each of the three issues published has featured a portfolio of one special artist: Manfred Neutzel, Tom Kirk, and Joah Kirby.

magnitude and world-wide appeal of his studio's work is a staggering thing to contemplate. It was all here for the lucky New York film-going audience to laugh at, weep with, get excited about, or boo as they saw fit. From the silent Oswald the Rabbit, to Snow White, to Mickey Mouse, TREASURE ISLAND, MARY POPPINS, and even teasers from the NEW ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, a new opus scheduled for Christmas 1973 release. It was all paraded across the Lincoln Center screen and there is a sad side to all of this. The Disney Studios appear to have been very reluctant to present a program of this nature - this is the first and only



such event in 50 years - apparently because there didn't seem to be enough public interest to warrant it before. In fact, one of the animators who was in town for the occasion went so far as to remark that the only time he may not see films of the quality of FANTASIA or PINOCCHIO again is in your memories. That would not only be sad, it would be tragic.

For those who have any love for Disney's films or strong curiosity (or even a vague interest) and who like to make sure that more often than the Studio's current policy of releasing only the major features on a once-in-7-years basis, PLEASE help us by filling out and forwarding the form below. All the information will be tabulated and passed on to the Disney Studios and Lincoln Center to help in planning future programs. If every one of you monsters out there - big and small - crawls out of your webbed cave and mails in a coupon, you may get to see that long-out-of-release Disney film you've been pining for.

PASTE ON A POSTCARD

Mail to: The Monster Times
c/o We Want Walt Disney
Box 595, Old Chelsea Sta.
New York, NY 10011

1. Would you like to see a new-walt festival representing the entire history of Walt Disney's films shown in your home town?
YES ☐ NO ☐
2. Would you support a National Walt Disney Repository Theater?
YES ☐ NO ☐
3. Where would it be located?
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Name _____
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Occupation _____ Age _____

THE MONSTER TIMES

The annual Disney Triple-A Fan-Fest swings into action this October 18th through the 21st with a bright array of guests and activities sure to catch your fancy.

Honored guests this year include Mike Katzev, artist of Marvel comic books, and Barry Smith artist of Marvel's comic character. Other guests include George Romero, director of NIGHT OF THE CREW, and THE CRAZIES and Russ Meas, one of today's premier comic artists. Among the always entertaining activities included are the movie and the movie prize \$100 in cash, an amateur film contest, numerous panel discussions and movies every night until dawn. Included in the movie are CINDERELLA, IT ACHES, SAM and an unusual version of NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. There will also be ten Warner Brothers films, including a science-fiction film showing which includes 2001, THIS ISLAND, EARTH, FOREVER PLANET and WALL OF THE WORLD.

The convention will be held in the comfortable Downtown Hotel. The admission charges are as follows: \$10 for all day in advance, prior to October 11, \$15.00 per day on the door, \$20.00 for all four days (in advance before October 1), and \$40.00 for all four days at the door.

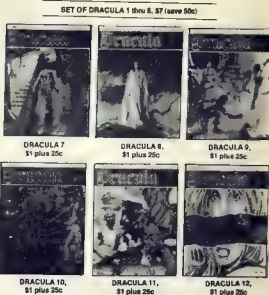
DRACULA LIVES!!!

DRACULA LIVES, but it's anything but a vampire, instead, DRACULA is the title of 12 new magazines direct from England. Each issue is in full color throughout the book, featuring the art of such Spanish gars as Esteban Maroto who does the character WOLF, Enrico Sio and J.M. Best. These 12 books contain art like you've never seen before in your life! And the comic is superbly done. All on heavy card-board-like stock to insure long readability.

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not Captain Marvel stories and he wanted no part of them.

The rift has been one that has become increasingly wide since Beck was brought back from successful commercial art work to recreate the character he drew for almost 20 years. The rifts break came at the end of the 1973 Comic Art Convention when Beck returned two scripts to the National Vice-President and Pro-

Dear Friends of Captain Marvel

When National asked me to help bring back Captain Marvel I was very happy to start drawing the World's Mightiest Mortal again after twenty years. The first few issues of Shazam, containing stories based on Golden Age characters, were illustrated by me and I'm sure that readers both young and old were glad to see matches Captain Marvel in action.

After the first few issues, however, the rift seemed to be too big to bridge. Both Captain Marvel's character and the way he went into wonderful things happened to Billy Batson, and I'm sure that readers both young and old were glad to see matches Captain Marvel in action. I'm sure that readers both young and old were glad to see matches Captain Marvel in action. I'm sure that readers both young and old were glad to see matches Captain Marvel in action.

What will happen to Captain Marvel now is anybody's guess. I'm not too optimistic, am you?

Sincerely,
C. C. Beck

duction Manager Sol Harrison Beck made a public statement on the matter at the CLEVELAND COMIC ART convention held late last month. It's reproduced here. He said he would still like to draw the strip, but not unless he felt the story-lines were right for the character.

Meanwhile, over at National, the editor of the SHAZAM comic where Captain Marvel appears had no comment. "Things are still in a state of flux," said Schwartz. He did confirm, however, the fact that Kurt Schaffenberger, Bob Oakley and Dave Cockrum have all completed stories for upcoming issues of SHAZAM.

the coast of southwestern Spain. Archaeologists here have found a ruin in the area for years, but they were not prepared to say what it was. It was of Roman civilization. The American expedition, which includes a number of specialists and geologists, has just announced that the ruins aren't Roman, but the legend of Atlantis is fact, not fiction.

ATLANTIS LOST (AGAIN)

My, gaw, we really got a chance to get "Stop The Presses" and this time it's not because we are the only paper in the world. Apparently that month published advertisement for Atlantis, a big magazine is announcing that it has found the lost city. The American expedition, which includes a number of specialists and geologists, has just announced that the ruins aren't Roman, but the legend of Atlantis is fact, not fiction.

VERTEX

THE MONSTER TIMES
HIND CONTROL DEVICES
HEINLEIN ON SCIENCE
FICTION- THE FUTURE OF
ORGAN TRANSPLANTS -
THEORY AND PRACTICE
OF TIME TRAVEL

VERTEX seems to be aimed at a wider audience than most science fiction mags... a mixed blessing, that. The positive angle is the VERTEX may recruit many new readers to the sci-fi fold. On the negative side, some of the stories may not be quite to the taste of the hard-core sci-fi crowd.

Somewhat I miss those interminable serialized novels that were so intrinsic a part of many sci-fi mags and that, in the case of the early GALAXY serials, often turned out to be some of the great classics of our time. But I've always been a sucker for good science fact articles and spiffy interviews, both of which are in abundance here, so I guess I can survive without the serials. "And now your host, WALT DISNEY!" I can't hear that phrase in my head. It's the 50th Anniversary Walt Disney Retrospective being held at Lincoln Center and comprised of nearly 70 rare Disney features and shorts brought it back to me. For all of Disney's faults, the pure

The Scene

In keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the scene ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE... brought to you by your friendly fiends in-the-field at TMT. (... listen for the sound of wylfasse).

VARMA AND THE VAMPIRES

Seen here in relaxed pose is Dr. Owendra Varma, an Indian who, in addition to teaching English at Dalhousie University in Halifax, is also considered the world's leading authority on Gothic novels. The 46-year-old academic was profiled in the January 29, 1972 issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE and stated that the study of vampires, ghosts, and wolves as they appeared in Gothic novels can be extremely exhausting. "This work can be very tiring," the good doctor

...BRINGING TO LIFE ONCE MORE THAT MONSTER OF DEPRIVITY... THAT HIGH PRIEST OF THE UNHOLY... LORD AND MISTRESS OF THE GAY POWERS OF DARKNESS...



The NATIONAL LAMPOON did its bit to add a new dimension to everyone's favorite bloodsucker back in the November 1971 issue, an edition devoted to satirizing the horror industry. Their contri-

bution was a campy Count called DRAGULA, a gay vampire who starred in a comic strip of the same name. The strip, an "AC/DC Comic," was written by Tony Hendra and illustrated by

Neal Adams, with a cover by Frank Frazetta. And instead of turning into a bat, this vampire changes into a French poodle and a pink flamingo!

maintained. "All my teaching, my research, my correspondence—it sucks the blood." Dr. Varma, a governor of the Count Dracula Society, has been instrumental in getting out-of-print Gothic greats re-issued by Arno Press, including the impressive VARNET. THE

VAMPIRE, OR THE FEAST OF BLOOD written by Thomas Prescott Prest in 1847, a work that preceded Soker's DRACULA by half a century. While Varma insists he does not believe in ghosts and the like, he does admit to being "afraid of them."



LUGOSI LOOK ALIKE?

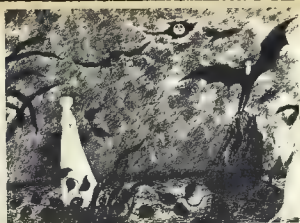
Judging by this photo of imperator Will Jordan as the toothy Transylvanian, it looks like the Lugosi legend will remain unthreatened. The photo, a trade ad for a Texas TV commercial outfit, appeared in the July 18 issue of

VARIETY to illustrate Jordan's versatility as a mimic, adding that he is also adept at Groucho, Clark Gable and Charles Laughton impersonations. Doesn't anyone do Ed Sullivan anymore?



BLACK MASS.

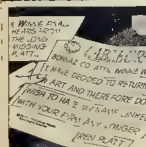
Nantucket, Massachusetts was the site of a recent revival of DRACULA on the stage. According to the June 24 edition of THE NEW YORK TIMES, the Nantucket Stage Company presented the play—a dramatization of the Stoker novel by John L. Balderston and Hamilton Dean—from June 26 through July 14. We sent a TMT reporter to cover the event, but unfortunately, his bad-drawn coach didn't arrive there until mid-August!



GOREY PRODUCTION

Speaking of the Nantucket Dracula, renowned artist Edward Gorey did the sets and costumes for that summer theater produc-

tion. These advance sketches of his work for Dracula appeared in the June 14th issue of WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY.

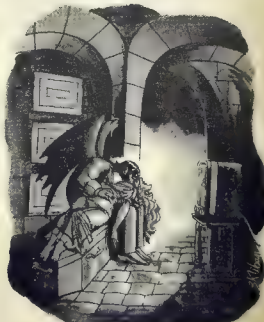


A NEW WRINKLE FOR WINNIE WINKLE

Even Winnie Winkle had vampire troubles in this strip that appeared last January in the NEW YORK NEWS and other papers.

That the good name of vampires should be dragged into a Winnie

Winkle strip is, needless to say, an affront to the highest order!



VIDEO VAMPIRE

This cartoon about a vampire torn between "necking" and watching television appeared in the August

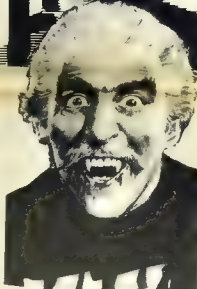
1973 issue of PLAYBOY. We don't think much of it either, but it does help us fill up this page.

DRACULA FREED!!!

Ever since the news broke almost two years ago that a new version of DRACULA (called COUNT DRACULA) was being withheld from release in this country due to legal entanglements, vampire fans have been walling with bated breath and bared fangs for the film to finally surface. Well, we've got good news for you—COUNT DRACULA has been released! You can read all about it below...

Back in TMT #4 we ran a strange story about the virtual impracticability of a film that had been hailed by the lucky few who saw it as a "horror classic." Alternately titled THE NIGHTS OF DRACULA and simply COUNT DRACULA, the film was produced by Tigon Studios and slated to be distributed by Commonwealth United Releasing Company. But Commonwealth United went out of business and its unreleased films were due to be turned over to American International, who bought out Commonwealth after it folded. To make a long story short, COUNT DRACULA was withheld from AIP, court battles ensued, and the film was upheld for release in this country for years.

Now for the good news... COUNT DRACULA is coming out of the legal closet at last. The film is being distributed by CRYSTAL PICTURES, INC. and will share a double bill with the old (1964) but



Jess Franco's COUNT DRACULA will finally be stalking to a theater near you. But watch out—after spending years locked in a legal limbo, you can bet that he'll be plenty thirsty.

rarely seen DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS, starring Cushing and Lee. COUNT DRACULA, directed by Jess Franco from a screenplay by Peter Welbeck, features an international cast that includes such lugubrious luminaries as Christopher Lee, Herbert Lom, Klaus Kinski, Maria Rohm, Frederick Wilhams and Solidad Miranda. Plus campaign artwork rendered by none other than—comic book great—Neal Adams!

COUNT DRACULA sticks fairly closely to the Stoker Dracula. The Count is presented as an old man and the film resurrects all the original DRACULA characters—including Renfield, Mina, and, of course, the vampire-battling Van Helsing. Rich in sinister scenic value, the film was described by TMT reviewer Jim Wnoroski in issue #4 as a "masterpiece of atmospheric horror." "Although the film bogs down somewhat in later scenes," Wnoroski related, "it is hard to shake the unnerving emotions one gets from seeing actual living bats swirling around a misty fog-enshrouded castle that you

know is NOT the product of some Hollywood set designer. The sky that's always gray, the buildings lifeless and lacking luster, and the damp and dripping darkness all seem to encompass and possess every act making the motion picture's dreary yet strangely fascinating subject matter come to total life in the dark theater." You see, director Jess Franco used original Balkan settings and locales, and many of the interior scenes were actually shot in the old castles still found in abundance in that region.

Whether or not COUNT DRACULA is a "horror classic" or not is unimportant. What is important is that now you will finally get to see the film and judge it for

yourself. There's nothing more frustrating for a true horror film fan than to be kept away from a film with this kind of reputation, especially when countless inferior movies keep flooding the local screens. But now the suspense has ended, and COUNT DRACULA has indeed risen from the grave.



Dracula at his most seductive continues his evil ways in this Adams' sketch from the COUNT DRACULA ad campaign. Fright fans were fearful that this vampire would never see the light of day, but now their black hearts can finally rest easy.



Neal Adams drew this heart-wrenching rendition of the tireless Van Helsing riding the world of still another vampire.

FRANKENSTEIN

FRANKENSTEIN: Mary Shelley's classic monster movie. The book form: 100 pages, \$5.95.



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FORGOTTEN VAMPIRES
OF THE CINEMA

Continued from page 5

vision screen, **BLACK SUNDAY** always manages to generate horrifying chills which linger for hours after the movie is over. Who will forget the resurrection scene where Barbara Steele materializes in his coffin after being dead for hundreds of years? Who will forget Steele's carriage slowly drifting through the forest (effectively created through the inspired use of slow-motion photography)? And finally, who will ever forget the final climax where the twin sisters, one good and one evil, are mistaken for each other, and the heroine is almost sacrificed and burned at the stake. Such expert craftsmanship and care is seldom seen today that can equal the level achieved by Mario Rava in **BLACK SUNDAY**.

And while we are on the subject of obscure vampires, let us not forget the "Wardak" sequence in Mario Rava's **BLACK SABBATH**, which features Boris Karloff as an aged vampire who can only destroy those he loves. The irony results from the fact that Karloff leaves his family to destroy a vampire who has been terrorizing the local area. Karloff states if he does not return by sunset two days hence, "destroy me for I will also then be a vampire!" And as you expect, Karloff reappears shortly after sunset two days later a vampire and is eagerly accepted into the home. Before the story is ended, Karloff has spread the dreaded disease to all members of the family, making them all fiendish blood-suckers.

Another worthy vampire film which should have been a great one, **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH**, becomes mediocre because of the budget limitations and the poor quality of the performances. Since American International decided to film

Three vampires for the price of one... and it's still not worth it. Not when the film is William Bessardine's **BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA**. This presabook rendition of Dracula bears little resemblance to John Carradine, who essayed the role in that 1966 fiasco.

this production in Italy (meaning it would have to be dubbed), the production was already hampered. And when AIP decided to star Vincent Price, the movie suffered even more. It's not that Vincent Price is a bad actor; however, the fact remains that Price was terribly miscast and just does not possess the proper qualities to pull off his character. The strength of the movies lies in its terrifying scenes where armies of zombies attack the lone human survivor on Earth. In fact, the attacking vampire-zombies bear a close resemblance to the army of zombies in **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, and there remains the



Count Dracula falls apart before your very eyes, done in by a bright sunny day at the conclusion of **HORROR OF DRACULA**. Author Strahls is among those who consider this to be one of the very best vampire spics ever made.



distinct possibility that George Romero, the latter film's director, was inspired by this movie.

Returning to the American cinema, best forgotten, yet worthy of a brief mention, is the infamous **BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA**. Again I mention this movie only because that distinguished actor, John Carradine, portrayed Dracula with dignity and style in an otherwise outlandish production. Alex D'Arcy portrayed Count Dracula in an equally outlandish production, **THE BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE**. Poor John Carradine reappeared to play the humiliating role of George the Butler to D'Arcy's prissy vampire king.

A TASTELESS TASTE

But things really didn't hit rock bottom until Herschell Gordon Lewis, the king of the exploitative "blood and guts" horror classics (**BLOOD FEAST**, 2000 MANI-ACS, etc.—see TMT #24 for more about Mr. Lewis—Ed.) decided to film his version of **DRACULA** which he dragged out to an unbearable two hour running length and entitled (what else?) **A TASTE OF BLOOD**. The plot concerns a modern day businessman who mistakenly drinks the blood of Dracula which happens to be disguised as two bottles of wine, turning the poor sap into a bloodthirsty vampire. Even H.G. Lewis fans were disappointed by the apparent lack of blood and gore which his audiences expect from him.

BLOOD OF DRACULA had nothing to do with Dracula, but it did have sultry Sandra Harrison as a teenage vampire forced to do the bidding of a demented high school teacher.

Another low-budget exploitation flick released by American International in 1966, **BLOOD BATH**, deserves to be mentioned for its interestingly atmospheric and unusual plot concerning a vampire artist who first paints his victims before draining their bodies of blood and throwing them into a vat of wax. William Campbell, who seems to be the king of the sleeper horror film (his greatest role was the antagonist of **DEMENTIA 43**), turned in a typically effective performance as Sord, the artistic vampire. And even if the production drags in spots and is hurt by an ineffectual budget, it does manage to evoke some chills and thrills and is worth seeing at least once.

The most recent forgotten vampire of the screen appears to be the father and son vampire team who appear in the very interesting **GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE**. This production is unique for several reasons. First, it portrays the vampire as a sexual deviant who forcefully rapes his female victim in the first reel of the film. The woman, we discover, becomes pregnant and gives birth to a baby boy 9 months later. You guessed it—the son is a vampire and must be suckled on the blood of the mother which is produced by self-inflicted wounds on the mother's breast, allowing the baby to literally be "breast fed." The strain of raising a baby in such a manner drives the pathetic mother to early madness and death. The son, as he matures and accepts what he is, vows revenge on his father for the horrible mental and physical abuse he foisted on the mother. The film generates

fine suspense and action as the son slowly yet surely tracks down his father to a small college campus where he is now teaching. A fantastic no-holds-barred dual climaxes the film, when father and son, supernatural in both intellectual and physical strength, have a battle to the death.

UNVANQUISHED VAMPIRE

The vampire, a creature nurtured by the cinema and presented regularly throughout the history of the cinema, should survive evermore. No matter how

Roman Polanski tried his hand at a vampire movie, and the result was **THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS**, a black comedy that introduced the first Jewish vampire to the screen. Here the late Sharon Tate is menaced by a gang of anything-for-a-laugh vampires.

Long John Carradine
crown again—
this time
in a scene
from the
immortal
BILLY THE KID
VS. **DRACULA**.



This Philippino vampire, seen here performing an unnatural act, was so forgotten that even author Svelth deemed him unworthy of discussion. He appeared in Hemisphere's **THE BLOOD DRINKERS** back in 1966.

many times a stake is driven through a vampire's heart, no matter how many times a vampire is decapitated or burned at the stake, the movie audiences will see to it that the hauntings of the night never stay dead for long. It is their constant enjoyment of the world of the occult and the promise of immortality that draws movie audiences of every age and manner to the theaters to be thrilled and scared by a "Nosferatu" rising from the grave to wreak terror upon an unsuspecting populace. As long as the vampire is able to create this sort of curiosity and magnetism, the vampire in the cinema will be indestructible!



TELL IT TO THE EDITOR

THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE

As you can see, we've been swamped lately by this raging controversy concerning the superiority of King Kong and Godzilla. We here at TMT refuse to take a stand (getting out of our chairs would make us up!) and we've content to let the readers battle this out in our letter column.

It is imperative, we think, that we do point up some facts. In the *King Kong VS. GODZILLA*, there was no real victor. In the Japanese version, King Kong was soundly defeated by native son Godzilla. However, in the version of *KING KONG VS. GODZILLA* that was released in the United States, King Kong took the decision from an "unseen" Godzilla.

We'd also like to point out that one of the letter writers, R. Watson Shurtz, is the author of the fine AN *ANTHOLOGY OF THE FANTASY FILM*. Now, go to it, and may the best monster win.

To the editor:

Issue 25 was one of your best to date, but I feel I must demand my right of equal time in commenting on the Deveditts letters. Frankly, I am tired of this petty rivalry going on between fans of Kong and Godzilla, each saying his is the better monster. Well, first off, you cannot compare a film of 1933 with a film of today. Back in the days of RKO an immense budget was given to film, and producers weren't afraid to take a chance on a new movie. Nowadays, movies, especially movies of our genre, are given a special budget with which they have to abide by. The Godzilla films are not given the equivalent of the budget which the original Kong was given.

Second, I don't care if it is animation or men in rubber suits. I only know what convinces me the most. And a grown man stomping around a miniature city excites me more than seeing a model (which has for continually shifting on its body) jump from one space to another because of poor animation. The fight scenes in O'Brien's movies are oftentimes ridiculous, with all credibility falling to the wayside.

Third, comparing the "quality" of two film generations apart is ridiculous. That is like comparing *NOSEFLY* to *BLACULA*, both deal with vampires, but both filmed for two entirely different audiences.

Fourth, it was entirely irresponsible for the Deveditts to suggest that you "fixed"

the results. It would take one of infantile mentality to question the honesty of a legitimate publication such as yours. I hope that in the future fans will think twice before making rash statements with no proof to back up what they say.

R. Watson Shurtz
Orlando, Florida

To the editor:

I think some people have a lot of nerve claiming that King Kong should have won your Monster Poll over Godzilla. Godzilla is much better than King Kong—more exciting and more terrifying. And to all you King Kong lovers out there in Hempstead, New York, it doesn't matter what year a movie was made, or how fake a monster looks. All monster movies aren't true, so I don't see your point.

I also know that Godzilla is much better liked universally than King Kong. It's just the breaks of the game, Kong breaks.

William Leonard
Hawthorne Heights, N.J.

To the editor:

I have been a fan of monsters since the age of nine. I am now 22.

I am outraged to see that Godzilla has outplayed King Kong. The comparison of the movies is ludicrous. *KING KONG*, an Academy Award winner for Special Effects, is much more aesthetically better, as well as more exciting. *Godzilla* is a cast-aside better and history making, it is also ART compared to the commercially made *Godzilla*.

We all know, in *KING KONG VS. GODZILLA*, King Kong destroyed Godzilla. Godzilla knew King Kong is better than him! Why can't the "new monster public" see that as well. It seems your magazine has not conveyed enough information to the public so they are aware of all the facts.

Fay Schierbaum
New York City

To the editor:

I am writing in regards to your Letters Section in TMT #25. Although the editor's comments were satisfactory, I won't feel right until I come to my hero's defense.

First, I am not a Deveditts fan, I am certainly entitled to my opinion, but I feel that Monte has no right to complain if he did not vote. As for Louis, I thought *GODZILLA*, King Kong of the Monsters was twice as exciting and tense as *KING KONG*. Just because a film is made in 1933 does not mean it is going to be better than a film made today! Finally, Professor Paul's letter not only insulted my childhood idol, but my intelligence as well. His comment suggesting that you fixed the results was a low blow that was unethical.

All three letters expressed how fake, phony and cheap *Godzilla* is. True, Toho's special effects are not always great—as with the disappearing soldiers on Kong's chest in *KING KONG VS. GODZILLA*—but that is as bad as saying King Kong is a log that has been shaken by the great sea and watching them bounce off the bottom, or seeing Kong himself "bounce" off the side of the Empire State Building. Also, the minicity films always have a more exciting battle scene than an animated feature. Everyone I see two monsters battle in one of those *Dynasty* Dummy films, they never do any flying tactics, fantastic flips or any other stunts. Instead, they go around in circles until one or the other drops dead of dizziness.

Steve Baker
Orlando, Fla.

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As editor of the above magazine, I assume full legal responsibility for the non-appearance of the publication since issue number five and for the non-receipt of earlier copies in the United States of America. Steve and Ervin Vertlieb are in no way responsible for any delays or publication problems that have arisen and all monies sent on subscriptions have been forwarded to either myself or Ervin Vertlieb.

All subscribers will receive this issue of the magazine. I have a full list of addresses from the details of my plans for renewal or other publishing plans.

I wish to thank you for your patience and understanding. Steve and Ervin Vertlieb took on the task of the magazine as a hobby and have received no payment for this work.

The breakdown of communication between you and them has been my fault and they should be forgiven for not responding. Please read my "Unprovable Cinema" magazine.

PLEASE ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO MYSELF at the address below and not to Steve and Ervin, who have suffered no respect. Please read my "Unprovable Cinema" magazine.

It will be published again this year, but the completion has not yet been sent. It is appearing so far have been sent to the publisher and I cannot promise a publishing date. I have it in my mind to publish it.

Signed: HARRY MADLER
5 South Main Street
New York, N.Y. 10001

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